

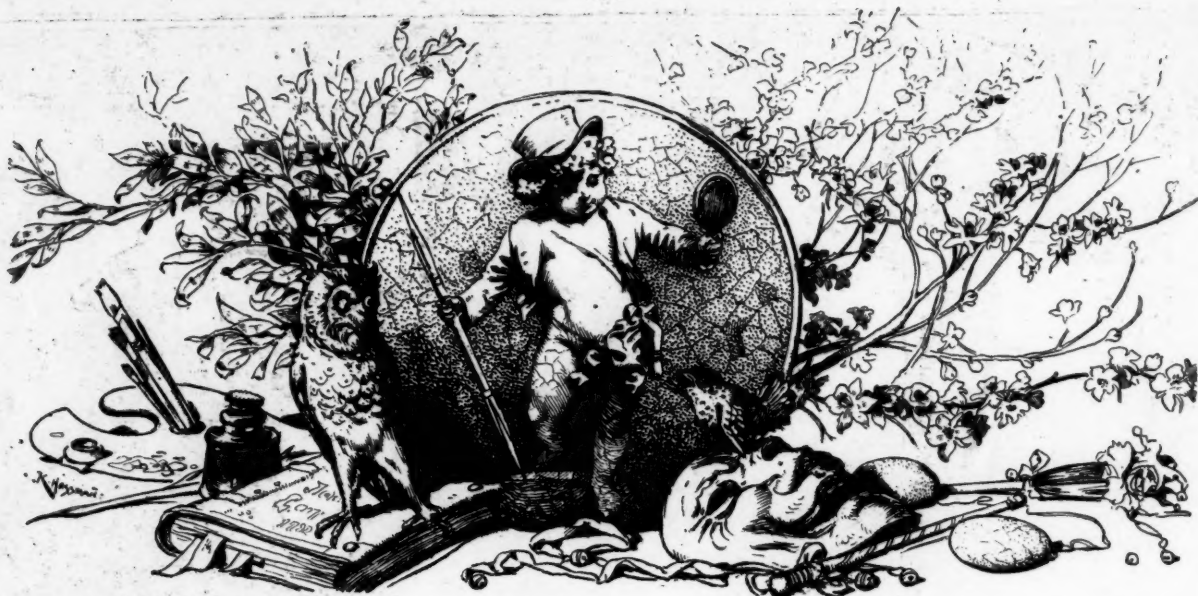


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### THE SAFETY-VALVE.

A DEVICE THAT KEEPS MANY AN OUT-OF-TOWN BOILER FROM BLOWING UP.



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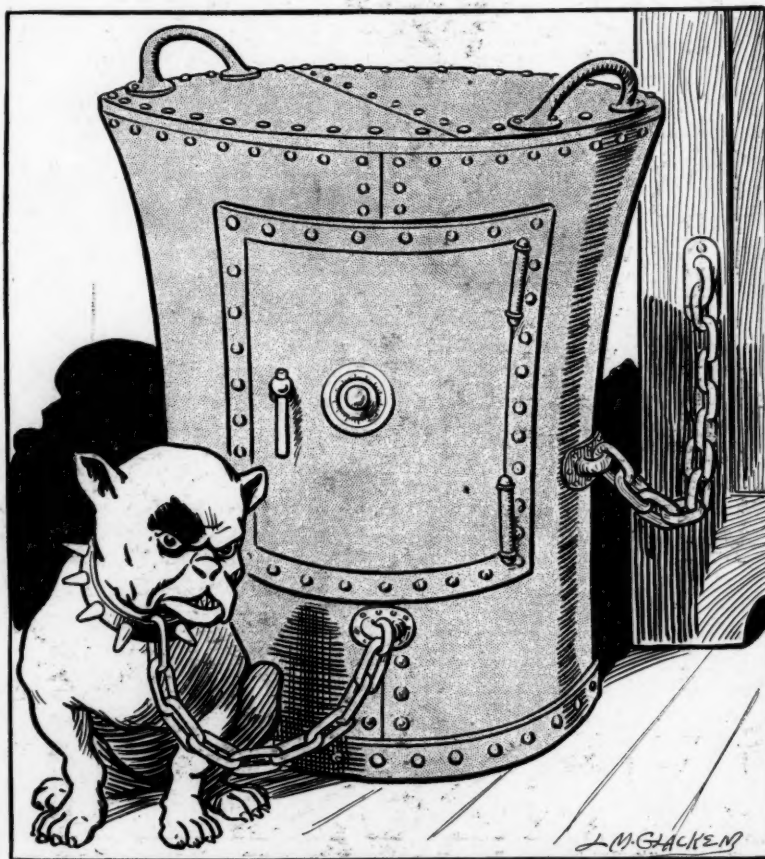
## Cartoons and Comments

**LIGHTNING VERSUS MOLASSES.** SO MUCH has been printed about the difference between TAFT and ROOSEVELT that we have hesitated to add our humble say, but a Washington dispatch suggests such a striking illustration of that same difference of temperament that we hesitate no longer. The item was to the effect that President TAFT would not insist upon a certain law that he had first asked Congress to pass because many Congressmen had assured the President that a bill embodying such recommendations would never get out of committee. Never get out of committee! On hearing news of that sort ROOSEVELT used to make matters so hot for the balky Congressmen, by means of interviews, speeches, and special messages, that they would scurry for cover and do anything, *anything* he wanted rather than face the threatening music from the home districts. That music isn't heard much just at present. President TAFT, we are told, has "a calm, judicial mind."

WHEN an Oriental potentate is in pain he kicks all such loyal subjects as happen to be within foot distance. This tends to make a loyal subject very much opposed to seeing his master suffer. Now the Sugar Trust, being belabored, lashes out with its heels at its employees. The men are dropped from the pay-list—kicked out of the Trust's office. And this, even as in the Orient, makes the employee and his wife and family, and his butcher, and baker, and candlestickmaker, very unhappy. Better still, it makes them all agitate from the house tops that the prosecution of their rightful master may cease.

AMERICA has Protection and a sad merchant marine. England has Free Trade and a large merchant marine. In both countries there are parties whose slogan is Tariff Reform, but Tariff Reform in England means the reverse of what it stands for here. Consequently, when the shipping interests of England object to Tariff Reform because it would strike a mortal blow at the merchant marine, from the American viewpoint they are objecting to the policy of High Protection. With the coming of Protection, say Britain's biggest ship owners, trade supremacy on the sea will go. They know it will, because in that way they have seen America's go.

We read in a recent Washington dispatch that the reason for America's shipping decline has been a puzzle to Congress for years, but we don't believe it. Nothing is a puzzle which is obvious. Even the most rabid advocate of a ship subsidy knows that the natural way, the honest way, to restore American shipping to prosperity is not to reward owners for building and operating ships at a loss,—a clumsy way, if nothing worse,—but so to adjust our tariff schedules that there will be at least an even chance of profit for the shipping people. At present the cards are all stacked against them. Brisk trade never hurt a nation yet, and the way to boom trade is to remove restrictions upon it. Especially when such restrictions operate for private graft at the public expense.



WARRANTED NOT TO LEAK.

PROPOSED WASTE-PAPER BASKET FOR TAMMANY BOSSES.

AMONG those to sympathize with the Hon. CHARLES F. MURPHY in his recent misfortune was the Hon. JOHN D. ARCHBOLD. Mr. ARCHBOLD lost some letters himself once.



# PUCK



SIGNING ARTICLES FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP CHESS MATCH.  
VIEW OF PARTICIPANTS, PROMOTERS, MEN-ABOUT-TOWN, ETC., AS DRAWN BY OUR ARTIST MILES  
FROM THE SPOT.

## JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

THE Beautiful Princess was in a sad predicament. "I have a hat, to be sure, but how shall I ever get it trimmed in time for the party to-morrow?" she moaned.

That night Jack planted his magic bean at one corner of the

hat, and by morning, such was the growth of the vegetable, the confection was trimmed in the latest style.

"Oh, oh!" cried the princess in ecstasy.

As for the wicked giant who had been paying her attentions, he was practically bowled over.

"Would n't that kill you!" he exclaimed; and from that day forth Jack was known as the Giant-Killer.



## UNPROTECTED.

THE DIVER (returning from Costume Ball).—This is just my dodgasted luck! Naturally, I did n't bring an umbrella!

## STARTING SIGNAL.

THE courtiers crowded anxiously about the young prince, for weighty matters hung upon this marriage of state.

"She has Beauty," urged one.

The young prince looked interested.

"And Wealth," pressed another.

The young prince wavered.

"And," said a third (he was young and beardless of face), "she has great *Executive Ability*."

"Ye gods!" cried the young prince, leaping for the window, the wind whistling past him as he fled.

## IN CHINA.

THE ATTENDANT.—Confound this Western civilization and all its products, anyhow! Every priest around the place is sick.

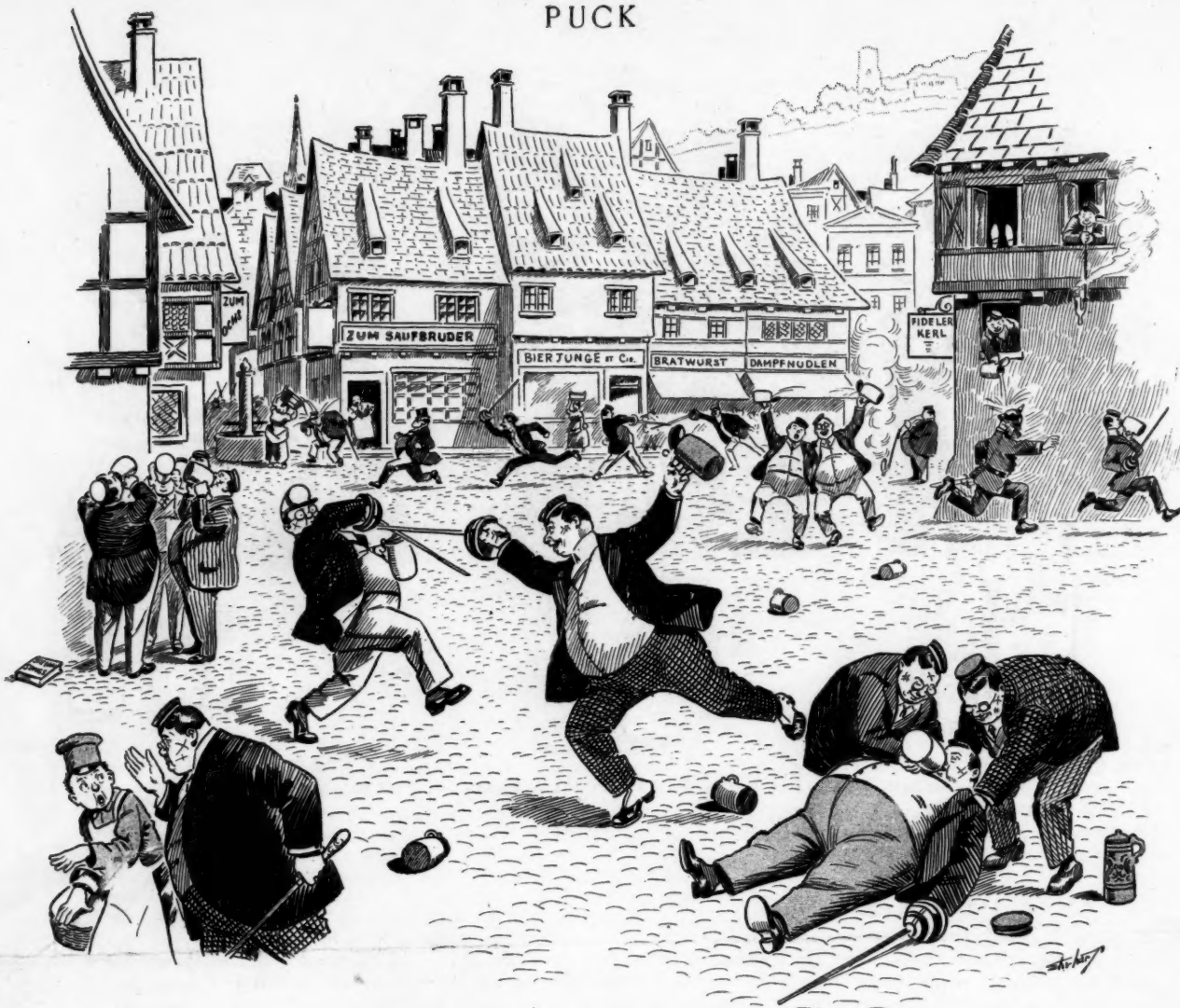
THE WORSHIPER.—What's the matter?

THE ATTENDANT.—Some blamed devotee yesterday offered the idol a can of American baked beans that had gotten by the Pure Food Law.



## AN OLD PAIR OF SPECS.

*About the only applause which a man is safe in esteeming sincere is the applause which he never knows about.*



HEIDELBERG.

ACCORDING TO THE PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS OF THE AMERICAN TOURIST.

#### A LESSON IN ADVERTISING.

**T**HE deepo was also the general store, and after it developed that the unexpected stop of the express was due to a hot-box on the baggage-car, the station agent divested himself of his official character and went back behind the counter. Several of the passengers strayed in and discussed the moral culpability of the Board of Directors in letting such a mishap occur.

"Yes, she's a good milker," remarked a little round man in overalls and a stiff white shirt at a convenient silence. All eyes looked around in bewildered search, and finally rested upon a red and white cow who was tied to a railing outside the back door and was gazing with what seemed like gloomy suspicion at a firkin marked "Very Best Daisy Brand XXX Butter." She seemed to be the only feminine object in view, and was finally accorded a status as the suggested subject for conversation.

"Would you sell her, George?" queried the storekeeper, strategically interposing his left wing between an abnormally thin boy and his apparent tactical objective, an open box of prunes.

"Wal, I don't know as I'd sell her," reflected George; "still, I'm milkin' fourteen now, and five more come in nex' week. Now't you mention it, p'raps I would let 'er go."

"What you want to do," counseled a brisk young man in a plaid suit, "is to advertise."

After a minute's silence the little round man stirred. "Got a markin' brush, Eben?" he asked the storekeeper.

"Right around back the stove. Here's a piece of wrapping paper. Just mark 'Cow for sale: George Billings,' and stick it up there by old lady Holmes's auction bill."

"Now see here," interposed the brisk young man again, "if you're going to advertise, why not advertise right?" A half-dozen other young men had their pencils out in a moment.

"You can take some pointers from me and from the rest of us," continued the plaid suit. "We are members of the American Association of Advertisement Writers back from our annual convention. We are connected with establishments that do a business of not less than a million dollars a year apiece. What makes the business? Advertisements. Who make the advertisements? We do. If each word we write didn't bring in a dollar of trade we'd lose our jobs. But we don't lose our jobs. We'll write your advertisement for you. We'll have this town excited over that cow as it never was before."

"Dunno's I want any excitement, exactly," protested George feebly. "I was only thinkin' if anybody offered me—"

"He won't."

"And besides," George struggled on, "I ain't going to pay no dollar a word —"

"A dollar put into advertising is a carrier-pigeon —" The young man seemed struck with his clever



AT THE ZOO.

MR. MELLOW (confidentially to attendant). — Old man, wh-where they keep the Jaguar? Lead me to t-the Jag-uik-war. Got speshal interes' in Jaguar.



# PUCK



## THE EAST-SIDE DEPARTMENT-STORE.

MRS. COOGAN (*out shopping*).—Where kin I git me owld man a pair av shoe-laces?

THE "FLOOR" - WALKER. — Shoe-lazes? Shu-ah! Three push-cardts to th' righdt!

phrase and hastily wrote it down in his note-book, eyeing his fellows to see if they were looking. "However, we're not going to charge you a cent. We will simply introduce the principles of correct advertising into—into——" he looked around as if the name of the place might be posted up somewhere in the room. "Now, as to your advertisement," he resumed, busily scribbling. "I suggest that you begin it something like this," and he read off:

There are many varying standards of  
**CORRECT TASTE.**  
But the underlying basis of them all is Harmony.  
Ptolemy spoke of the Harmony of the Spheres.  
Still more important is Harmony in Dress. This includes all the Accessories. For instance, for that  
Suit you need the Accompaniment of one of my  
**DISTINCTIVE COWS,**  
The product of generations of Breeding along Lines of Conservatism yet Effectiveness.

"If you don't mind my interrupting," broke in a tall young man in a green Alpine hat, "I don't think that is the style at all to move this line of merchandise. Let me show you something I just dotted down as a starter." With that he began:

**SHE HAS HORNS!!!**  
And she's awful glad she met you.  
Bet your life she don't forget you!  
Do you want to  
**GET THE HOOK?**  
And she has such beautiful eyes!  
**ASK GEORGE ABOUT IT!!!**

"By the way, Mr.—er—George, it might be a good idea for you to copyright that last line. There's nothing helps a concern so much as a catch-word that's all over town."

"That may be all very well," spoke up a fat, clean-shaven fellow with a quarter-of-an-inch-wide red necktie extending from his chin to his stomach, "but the essential thing in all appeals to the pocketbook is the matter of price. Now, George, what do you want to mark that cow at for to-morrow from 8:30 to 9:30?"

"Wal, I was thinkin'," stammered George in a dazed way, "that if I could get fourteen dollars——"  
"Is that positively your lowest price?"  
"Why yes, I guess——"  
"All right! Now see here!"

**\$15.55**

And only one to a customer. Positively no mail orders, telephone orders, shopping list, or hurry-box orders. None C. O. D. and none exchanged.

"The only fault I have to find with that," interrupted a man with pea-green socks, "is that there is no element of direct command about it anywhere. Now, it is axiomatic that to really get results you must come out bang the first thing with a positive injunction to the reader—works like a hypnotic suggestion, you know. Here is my idea:"

**DON'T KICK THE BUCKET.**

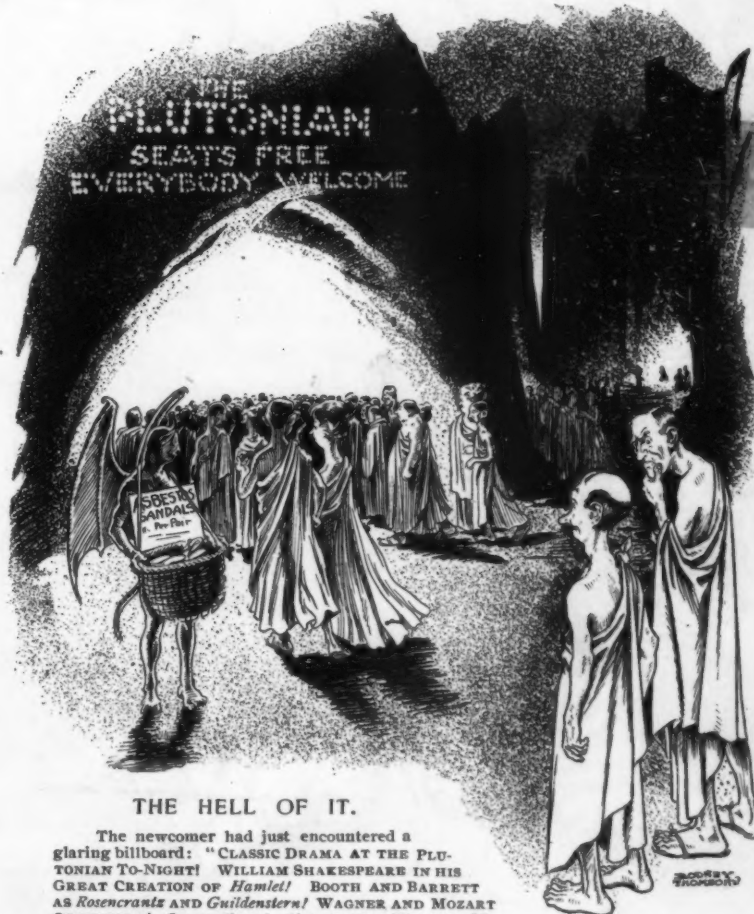
While you are thinking it over come and  
**SEE THAT COW.**

At that moment a tall woman in a sunbonnet loomed up at the back door.

"George Billings! Come right home this minute and bring that cow. I've sold her to Deacon Gookins for sixteen dollars, and he's got the money waiting for you."

A train-man put his head in from the platform. "All aboard!"

Charles E. Harrison.



## THE HELL OF IT.

The newcomer had just encountered a glaring billboard: "CLASSIC DRAMA AT THE PLUTONIAN TO-NIGHT! WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE IN HIS GREAT CREATION OF *Hamlet*! BOOTH AND BARRETT AS *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*! WAGNER AND MOZART ORCHESTRA! SEATS FREE! EVERYBODY WELCOME!"

"Surely this can't be Hades, with this great dramatic feast free to all?" he suggested hopefully to a bystander.

"Oh, it's hell, all right," groaned the bystander. "You see, they use a drop-curtain depicting sunrise in the Alps surrounded by the names of fourteen kinds of whisky and sixteen varieties of chewing-gum; the local Smart Set enters during the progress of the second act; the performance is preceded by moving pictures showing a chase after criminals in automobiles; the man behind you has already witnessed the show four times; the ushers sell the complete words and music of the production at ten cents a copy, and the audience invariably demands 'Casey at the Bat.'"

**A** bachelor is a man with enough confidence in his judgment of women to act on it.



UNRECORDED HISTORY.—III.  
WHEN THEY LIT THE LAST CANDLE AT METHUSELAH'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.



# PUCK

## REVISE THE RULES.

**S**INCE football claimed perhaps a score  
Of dead this year, 't is scarce surprising  
To hear the cry, as oft before,  
That football rules demand revising.

Yet—year by year our railroads slay  
Five thousand workers, each a brother;  
And down a mine, but yesterday,  
Three hundred men were left to smother.

Such things, of course, are poor and tame  
When rushlines meet in fierce collision;  
Still, football's not the only game  
The rules whereof could stand revision.

Arthur Guiterman.



## BOOTLESS GENEROSITY.

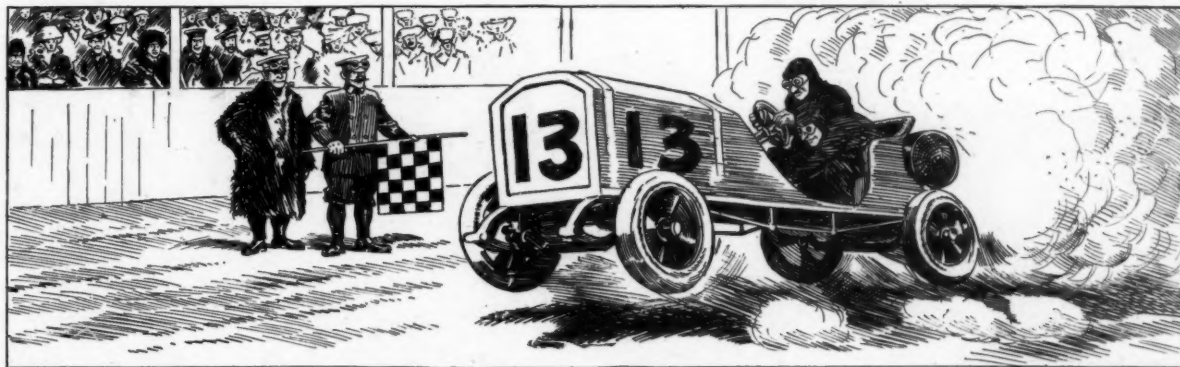
**T**HERE is something finely chivalric in the attitude of the literary market, whereby it selects its material with such restraint that the best stuff may at all times be written for posterity. The editing of magazines has now become so exact a science that only the milk is retained for contemporary uses, leaving the cream to thunder, as it were, down the corridors of time.

But what of those vital statistics which lead us to forebode that there will eventually be no posterity to speak of? There, no doubt, is the rub—certainly it is n't pleasant to think of so much good literature never finding a public, even though it shall be offered in five-foot shelves and uniform bindings.

## A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

PETE KINKBY.—Who yo' done callin' an idler? Ah'm busy all night tryin' t' git asleep, an' Ah'm busy all day tryin' t' keep awake!

## IT MIGHT TEND TO INCRIMINATE OR DEGRADE HIM.



I.  
A MOTORIST WILL DISPLAY BIG NUMERALS WHEN THE OBJECT IS TO ESTABLISH HIS IDENTITY IN A CUP-RACE. BUT—

## POOR HARRY!

**I**t n't as if the dear child were going away off to some remote place far from all of her relatives and friends," said the bride's mother to the caller who had run in the day after the wedding to have a second look at the presents.

"You see, she is going to live right here, so near us that I can run in every day, and her sister May will live just across the street and will be running in every day, and her grandmother lives just around the corner, so she can run in every day, and her Aunt Maria lives only four blocks up the street, so she can run in every day, and her Aunt Harriet lives so near that she will probably be

running in about every day, and she has half-a-dozen other aunts and cousins right here in town who will be running in at any time; but of course it will be a little hard for poor Harry, for all of his people live miles and miles from here and the dear boy hasn't a relative to run in, yet with so many of May's relatives to run in the dear boy can't get very lonesome—dear, good boy!"

M. W.



II.  
IT IS TOO MUCH TO ASK, OF COURSE, THAT HE DISPLAY THEM WHEN SPEEDING THROUGH STREETS WHERE HUMAN LIFE IS A CONSIDERATION.



THE PUCK PRESS

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE HOTEL  
The Head Waiter.—Sorry, sir, but all our





AT THE HOTEL PROSPERITY.

—Sorry, sir, but all our tables are reserved.



THE RAIN-MAKERS.



H-YASSAH! Yassah! T'anky, sah; dis sho'ly am a gawgis rain!" triumphantly said old Brother Dickery Wagstaff. "And us Meferdists is de inst'munts, under de Lawd, dat done fotched it!

"No use in dem udder 'nomernations tryin' deir tricks—dey couldn't cut it! Dey was *wrong*, de whole posse of 'em (and dey allus is); dat's what's de matter wid 'em. De Babbidists, all de diff'unt breeds of 'em—de Mish'nary Babbidists, and de Hard Shells, de Primity Babbidists, de Peedees, and de Low Brush—dey holds a union meetin' and prays for rain; but —*huh!* Not a drap! And us Shoutin' Meferdists, *we* knowed how 't would be, all de time.

"Well-uh, and next, all de little ticky 'nomernations—*wrong*, too, o' cou'se—de 'Piscopalian, and de Cam-elites (dat's wronger dan any o' de rest, and *knows* dey's wrong, fetch-take 'em!) and de Newnited Presbyterians, and de Cumbersome Presbyterians, and dat 'ar funny little 'nomernation, de Whatyo'm'ycallums, dat don't b'lieve in havin' an awgin in de church, and is wrong, and ain't got no sense, besides—dey all helt a j'int campmeetin' and done what dey could. Oh, dey tried, sah; dey *tried*, but it wa'n't no use—dey was *wrong!*

"And *den!*—well, sah, us Shoutin' Meferdists dess let dem foolish people go on; let 'em go on, and did n't ta'nt 'em none to speak of. And *den!* we—*we* dat had de *bower*—tuk uh-holt. Helt a shed-meetin', we did, down dar in de holler. All de good old wheel-hawses fum miles around was dar, and de singin' sistahs, and three floatin' evangelists, and two 'zorters, and sich as dat; and we girded up our lawns, and broke fo'th. Well sah, it took us dess a week, dat's all. On de night o' de seventh day Brud-der Hooley Ooley, dat doctahs hawses now and ag'in and has de gift o' tongues de rest o' de time, riz up an 'nounced dat he'd dess heerd a voice drap down, uh-sayin': 'If yo'-all will dess hush a minute I'll rain!' Oh, we fotched it, sah!—fotched it uh-kaze we was *right!*"

Tom P. Morgan.



PULLING OFF A FOOTBALL GAME.

TO HOLD IT IN A BARN, LIKE A COCK-FIGHT, MAY BE THE ONLY WAY IF COLLEGE AUTHORITIES CONTINUE HOSTILE.

Newport Nursery Games.



The Husband and the Wife;  
The Husband and the Wife;  
High Alimon-i-o the rather Tiresome Wife.

The Lady in the Flat;  
The Lady in the Flat;  
High Alimon-i-o the Jolly, Jolly Flat.

The Scandal in the Press;  
The Scandal in the Press;  
High Alimon-i-o the Nasty Yellow Press.

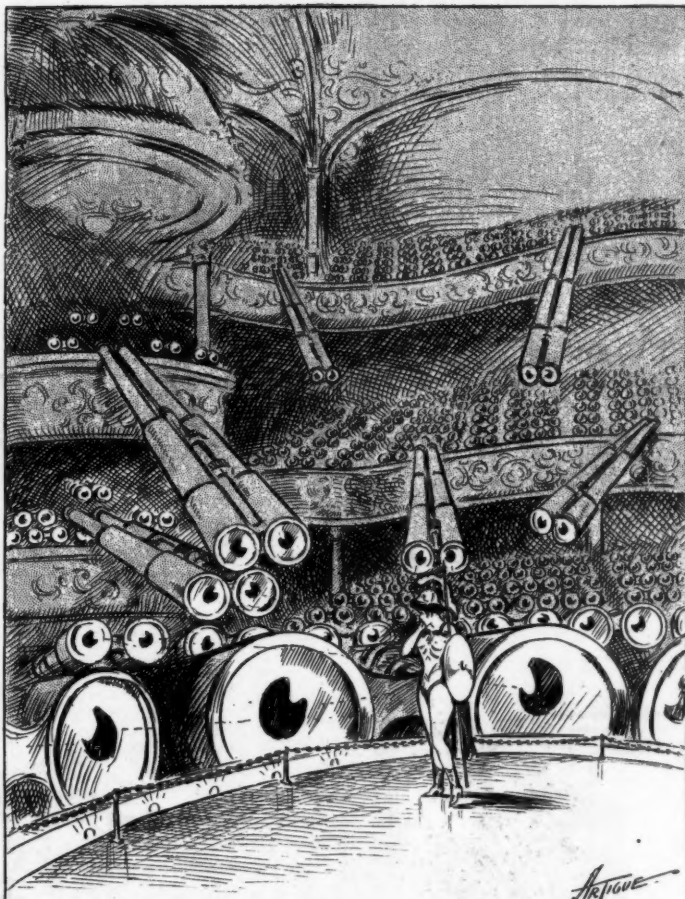
The Verdict for the Wife;  
The Verdict for the Wife;  
High Alimon-i-o the Jury liked the Wife.

The Wife took the Child;  
The Wife took the Child;  
High Alimon-i-o the Autos and the Child.

The husband took a Wife;  
Another, newer Wife;  
High Alimon-i-o (same thing all over again.)



# PUCK



HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN TIGHTS.

## AN ICONOCLAST.



SONNETS galore have been indited  
To Chloris, Daphne, Rose, and Prue.  
I sing to those who, erstwhile slighted,  
Might well inspire an ode or two.

Hugo's physique of type Teutonic,  
Guy's open glances, free from guile;  
Leander's profile, quite Byronic,  
The subtle charm of Frederick's smile;

The anecdotes of George, so breezy,  
Paul's pretty accent, fresh from France,  
The way—so masterful, yet easy—  
Alonzo holds one in the dance;

Tom's trick of blushing—bashful fellow!—  
Sol's skill with chafing-dish supplies,  
The pose of Sidney at his 'cello,  
Ted's most exquisite taste in ties.

So I might note, *ad infinitum*,  
As often I have thought betimes;  
But, if I really dared to write 'em,  
What editor would print my rhymes?

Ella Randall Pearce.

## THE BRAND.

**I**RATE CUSTOMER.—See here! That student-lamp you sold me a week ago is no good. It won't work.

**DEALER.**—Beg pardon, sir. I ought to have told you it was a college student-lamp.

## SOLD!

**T**HE love-sick young man dropped on his knees and raised his hand. "Elsie, will you be mine? Will you be mine? Will you be mine?" he said.

The young lady gazed at her suitor in bewilderment. But the young man seemed in earnest.

"First call, Will you be my wife? Second call, Will you be my wife? Third and last call, Will you be my wife?"

His hand was ready to fall; but at that instant the young lady remembered that her suitor was an auctioneer by profession, so she answered "Yes."



THE GRUMBLE SEAT.

## RESEMBLANCE

**A**FTER the victim's ear was gone, his face battered beyond recognition, two teeth loose, and his nose disjointed, the thugs desisted.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked between groans.

"Owe us!" they echoed. "What for?"

The victim smiled.

"Beg pardon," he said faintly. "My mind must have wandered. I thought it was a hotel barber giving me face massage."

## ON THE SAFE SIDE.

**M**RS. HOECAKE.—What are you getting out of the buggy here for, Si?

**MR. HOECAKE.**—Because we're right on the main road between those two places that are having the inter-city bowling tournament, and them balls do come down mighty fast.

**T**HERE is lots of fun in beginning at the bottom of the ladder and working up, but it is just as well to have the ladder stepped on one of the upper floors.



SINGERS AND THE SONG.—III.

"Wait for the wagon,  
Wait for the wagon,  
Wait for the wagon,  
And we'll all take a ride."

**O**ne would have thought that a man with a taste for an instrument like the trombone would have had the ability to play it.



# BROMO~SELTZER

CURES  
HEADACHES

10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & \$1.00 Bottles.

## CAUGHT.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Yerner, impatiently, "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman retorted crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt-front.—*Catholic Standard.*

A BIGAMIST married a woman, and one of the witnesses afterward admitted to the officiating clergyman that he had known of the bridegroom's legal inability to wed.

"But if you knew," said the clergyman indignantly, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, parson, it was like this," the witness said: "One of the parties was eighty-three and the other eighty-seven. Says I to myself: 'Oh, gosh! it can't last long. Let 'em marry, and durn the law!'"—*Washington Star.*

## PUCK PROOFS PHOTOGRAVURES FROM PUCK



PAX VOBISCUM.

By Carl Hassmann.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 20 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Copyright, 1909, by Kupper & Schwarzmann.



A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.

By Carl Hassmann.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 20 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

These are but two examples of PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

Trade supplied by Gubelman Publishing Company, 801 Third Avenue, New York.

## DIPLOMATIC.

Sunday passed, Tuesday rolled around, and still his tall form did not loom in the vestibule when the cuckoo clock was sounding eight. Thursday he came, and the beautiful girl was burning with rage.

"So this is the way you neglect me!" she hissed. "What have you to say for yourself? Why didn't you come?"

"I could n't," faltered the young man. "I had dyspepsia, and the doctor advised me not to come."

"What? The doctor told you not to come to see me because you had dyspepsia?"

"Well, he told me to keep away from all sweets."

The next moment she had him seated on the parlor sofa, telling him he was the nicest young man in the world.—*Exchange.*

# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



LANDLORD (also sitting Member for district).—By the way, Dobbins, I've been meaning to tell you I'll send a man up and have that shed of yours mended as soon as you like."

DOBBINS.—Thankee, sir. Then it be true that General Election be a-comin' on?

—*Punch.*

## GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.

"Its Purity Has Made It Famous." 50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

## BUT WHAT WAS HER AGE?

Toward the close of a lawsuit in Massachusetts the wife of a Harvard professor arose and, with a flaming face, timidly addressed the Court.

"Your Honor," said she, "if I told you I made an error in my testimony would it vitiate all I have said?"

Instantly the lawyers for each side stirred themselves in excitement, while His Honor gravely regarded her.

"Well, madam," said the court, after a pause, "that depends entirely on the nature of your error. What is it, please?"

"Why, you see," answered the lady, more and more red and embarrassed, "I told the clerk I was thirty-eight. I was so flustered, you know, that when he asked my age I inadvertently gave him my bust measurement."—*Everybody's.*

GLADYS.—Mama, my teacher was talking about synonyms to-day. What is a synonym?

MRS. CATHERWOOD.—A synonym, darling, is a word you can use in place of another one when you do not know how to spell the other one. —*Record-Herald.*

"ALGERNON is very interesting," said the stockbroker's daughter.

"What does he talk about?" inquired her father.

"Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearean quotations."

"Young woman," said the financier, sternly, "don't let him deceive you. Don't you let him make sport of your ignorance. There isn't any such stock on the market. I ought to know, for I've been on the Exchange long enough."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*





THE ART PATRONS IN THE STUDIO.

—Fliegende Blätter.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

#### LITTLE AT A TIME.

PATIENCE.—They say she got all her furniture on the installment plan?

PATRICE.—She did. She has had four husbands, and she got a little furniture with each one.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

#### CONSIDERED THAT, TOO.

An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the Court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose.

"Jedge," said he, "were n't we to jedge the law as well as the facts?"

"Certainly," was the response, "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did."

"Well, Jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid, "we considered that p'int."—*Argonaut.*

Ask Your Barber for



COLGATE'S  
BARBERS'  
SHAVING POWDER

Talk it over  
with the man  
who shaves you

Shortens the time and adds to the comfort of your shave.

When used properly, just enough powder for one shave is sprinkled on the wet brush, and the lather is made on the face where lather should be made.

A fresh, clean, personal lather for your own private shave—

and less time needed to make it, since each motion of the brush is softening the beard as well as spreading the lather, making unnecessary that "mussy" operation of working in the lather with the fingers.

A better, quicker, cleaner way of making a lather as fine and satisfying as that of our famous shaving soap.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1886. Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, Powders and Perfumes, New York.

"THIS is your son's third year at college, isn't it?"

"Yes, and he's doing really splendidly."

"Mental or athletic?"

"Why, he poses for all these pictures of perfectly-dressed young men in the clothing manufacturers' circulars."—*Plain Dealer.*

# Bunner's Short Stories



H. C. BUNNER

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They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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# WHAT HE OMITTED.

WHEN Jenkins went to his bedroom at half-past one, it was with the determination of going to sleep, and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So, as soon as he had entered the door, and deposited his lamp upon the dressing-table, he commenced his speech:

"I locked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip-pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a cane under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake-box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to rain. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letter as soon as I got downtown. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody died that we are interested in. Did not hear of any marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I hung my clothes over chair-backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged himself against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas-check, and sighted a line for the bed, when he was earthquaked by the query from Mrs. Jenkins: "Why did n't you take off your hat?"—*Argonaut*.

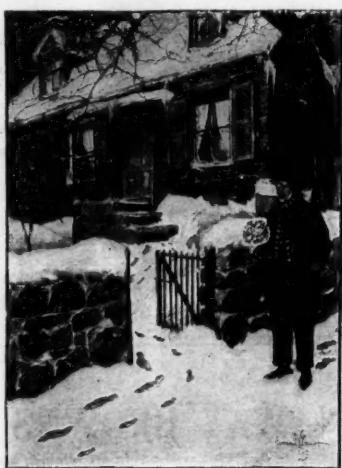
## Pure, Healthful, Refreshing *Apollinaris* "THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

THE girl was very pretty. Leaning her dimpled elbows on the table she said: "And what is your lecture to be about, Professor?"

"I shall lecture on Keats," he replied.

"Oh, Professor," she gushed, "what are keats?"—*Washington Star*.

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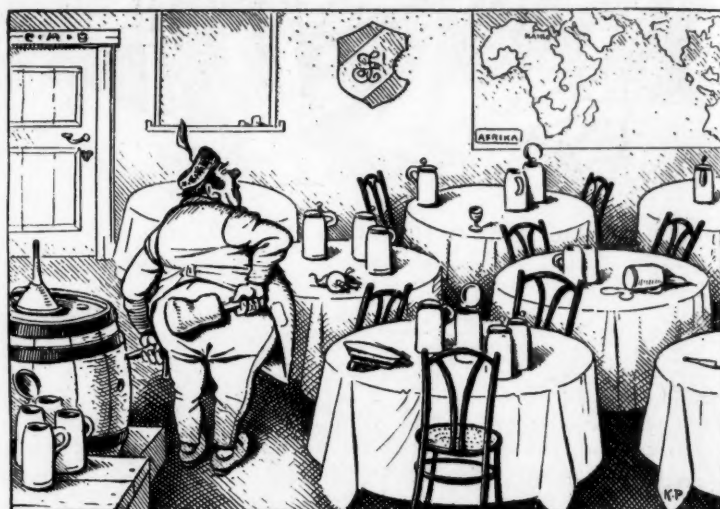
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"Hurrah! Now we can have a morning drink!"  
—*Ueber Land und Meer*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used  
in making it; it insures your getting the very best.

"WHAT'S the matter with the train?" asked the lecturer, vexed with the speed they were making.

"If you don't like this train," the conductor retorted, "you can get off and walk."

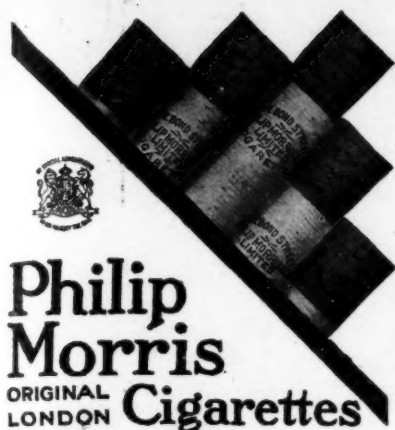
"By Jove!" said the lecturer, "I'd do it, but a reception committee is to meet me at my destination, and I don't want to get in ahead of time."  
—*Post-Dispatch*.

CITY EDITOR.—Here's a mighty good story about a young fellow who runs away with a chorus girl.

NIGHT EDITOR.—What's that! A good story? Why, it's been done to death.

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tion, but merely to express my appreciation of your good work."

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Of these, one came from a President of the United States, another



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Whistle that eager pointer to heel, furbish up gun and shooting contraptions, get a good friend that will "go the route," and spend a day in "God's all out-of-doors." You may not get any birds, but if you have a flask of "Old I. W." along you won't miss the best part of the fun.

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"This is not a letter for publication, but I want to thank you as an American for your last editorial."

AND—

"Of course, I am not writing for publica-

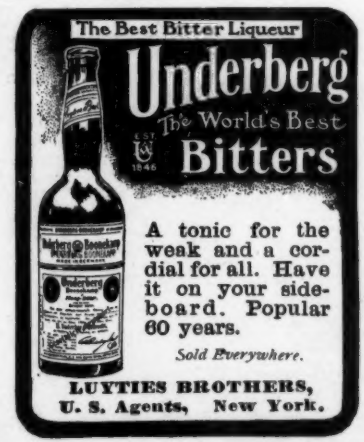
from a mill-hand in Massachusetts, a third from the head of a Lumber Company in Illinois. All came from men who recognized in PUCK an aggressive force for right, and one with nerve enough to do more than scratch the surface of wrong.

"PUCK's cartoons are of a kind to delight the democratic Democrat and the democratic Republican."

—THE PUBLIC.

While on the subject of letters, here is one from a clergyman:

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# PENNSYLVANIA R.R.

## Reminder Bulletin

There are two trains that the world is watching. They are making records, and records on land and sea and in the air are watched these days. The

### PENNSYLVANIA SPECIAL

is saving time and money to the business man by permitting him to snap down his desk at 4 o'clock and meet his associates in Chicago the next morning as they open theirs. In the mean time he may continue his business with a free stenographer at his elbow, or loaf with the conveniences of the club at hand.

The "Special" leaves Uptown New York at 3.55 P.M., Downtown by Ferry at 4.00 P.M., Downtown by Hudson & Manhattan Tube at 4.05 P.M., and arrives in Chicago next morning at 8.55. It kills time because it runs in the night.

### "The 24-Hour St. Louis"

is giving the business man an entire afternoon for recreation at the club, or elsewhere. He may leave Uptown New York at 6.25 P.M., Downtown at 6.30 (by Ferry), Downtown at 6.35 by Hudson & Manhattan Tube and reach St. Louis at 5.25 the next afternoon. He may enjoy a good night on an easy-running train and continue his work the next day with a stenographer at his beck and call, or he may do anything he can do at his club except play billiards.

He gets a whole day in New York.

These trains are not only time-savers, but nerve-resters.

They exhilarate and refresh. They may be banked on for time.

gested for the Chaplain of the Senate in your issue of December 8. It's a corker. I don't know when, if ever, I have seen so much truth embodied in keener satire and expressed in fitter words. I am myself a minister of the same Church as the Chaplain. More power to your elbow! Yours truly,

Make a New-Year Resolution not to take PUCK. Then BREAK IT!

You've got this week's PUCK in your hands. Now get your hands on next week's PUCK. It is n't all "serious purpose" by any means. The cartoons are unusually strong, but there's nothing but fun—and new fun—in Grant's "A Manicure for Married Men;" in Crawford's "Strike of the Builders of the Chinese



Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet Insist on "Blatz" Correspondence invited direct

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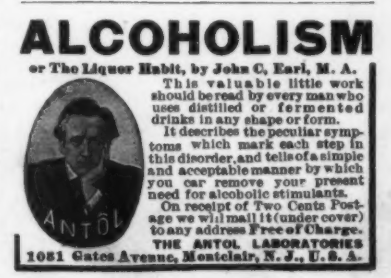


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Wall," the fourth in his "Unrecorded History" series; and in Ehrhart's view of St. Petersburg "as the verdant American tourist expects to find it."

Arthur Young's center-page cartoon, "The Common People," is based on the remark by President Lincoln that God must have loved the common people because he made so many of them. It's a funny picture, and yet, when you come to think of it —.

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